Clowne. I will goe before sir.
Mistres looke out at window for all this,
there will come a Christian by
vvill be worth a Iewes eye.

Shyl. What sayes that foole of *Hagars* ofspring? ha.

Iessica. His words were farewell mistris, nothing els.

Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder,
Snaile slow in profit, and he sleepes by day
more then the vvild-cat: drones hiue not with me,
therefore *I* part with him. and part with him
to one that I would haue him helpe to waste
his borrowed purse. Well *Iessica* goe in,
perhaps *I* will returne immediatlie,
do as I bid you, shut dores after you, fast bind, fast find.
a prouerbe neuer stale in thriftie minde. *Exit.*

Ies. Farewell, and if my fortune be not croste,
I haue a Father, you a daughter loste. *Exit.*

Enter the maskers, *Gratiano* and *Salerino.*

Gra. This is the penthouse vnder which *Lorenzo*
desired vs to make stand.

Sal. His howre is almost past.

Gra. And it is meruaile he out-dwells his howre,
for louers euer runne before the clocke.

Sal. O tenne times faster *Venus* pidgions flie
to seale loues bonds new made, then they are wont
to keepe obliged faith vnforfaited.

Gra. That euer holds: who riseth from a feast
vvith that keene appetite that he sits downe?
vvhere is the horse that doth vntread againe
his tedious measures with the vnbated fire
that he did pace them first: all things that are
are with more spirit chased then enioyd.
How like a younger or a prodigall
the skarfed barke puts from her native bay
hugd and embraced by the strumpet wind,
how like the prodigall doth she returne

vvith

vvith ouer-wetherd ribbs and r
leane, rent, and beggerd by the
Enter *L*

Sal. Heere comes *Lorenzo*

Lor. Sweet freends, your pa
not I but my affaires haue mad
vvhen you shall please to play
Ile watch as long for you then
here dwels my father Iew. Ho
Iess

Iess. Who are you? tell me
Albeit Ile sweare that I doe kn

Lor. *Lorenzo* and thy loue.

Iessica. *Lorenzo* certaine, an
for who loue I so much? and
but you *Lorenzo* whether I am

Lor. Heauen & thy thought

Ies. Heere catch this casket,
I am glad tis night you doe no
for I am much ashamde of my
But loue is blinde, and louers
The pretty follies that themsel
for if they could, *Cupid* himsel
to see me thus transformed to

Lor. Descend, for you mus

Ies. What, must I hold a ca
they in themselues goodsooth
Why, tis an office of discouery
and I should be obscurd.

Lor. So are you sweet
euen in the louely garnish of a
for the close night doth play th
and we are staid for at *Bassanio*

Ies. I will make fast the doo
with some mo ducats, and be

Gra. Now by my hoode a g

Lor. Beshrow me but I lou

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